

The Evening World.

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Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 25 to 35 Park Row, New York.
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KEEP 'EM DEAD.

UNTIL the closing minute of the Legislature the Fare Grab Bills are to lie on the table awaiting a favorable moment when the Traction lobbyists and Speaker Sweet believe there is opportunity to slip them through.

Change of only a few votes would result in a reversal of the verdict. Purchase of those few votes would be good business for the Traction interests. It is fortunate that legislation requires an absolute majority and not merely the majority of a quorum. Otherwise we might fear that a convenient number of legislators would absent themselves.

Fortunately, the vote Thursday lined up the opponents on three distinct roll calls. Eleventh hour "conversions" would require considerable explanation. Legislators would have difficulty in proving that the Traction lobbyists had failed to "see" them—as Marty McCue expressed it.

The burden of proof will rest on any one of the seventy-seven opponents who switch.

Amur-tsen is safe—and another great story of Arctic daring and discovery is up its way to a waiting world.

TWO DIFFERENT STORIES.

WHEN a New York gas corporation faces consumers and the courts, it shows a pitiful front of ravaged earnings and confiscated profits, due to the iniquitous 80-Cent Gas Law.

But when it turns to prospective purchasers of one of its new bond issues—what a difference!

Listen to President Cortelyou of the Consolidated Gas Company. Mr. Cortelyou is offering bonds:

"The figures thus far available indicate net earnings of the system in 1919, after operating expenses, taxes, etc. (including \$3,058,609 for renewal and replacement reserve), of \$12,643,549, or an amount over twice the annual interest on the funded and other debt of the system with the public, including that on the \$25,000,000 7 per cent. convertible bonds and the dividends paid to minority stock of subsidiaries.

"The large equity over and above the \$25,000,000 five-year secured 7 per cent. convertible gold bonds is represented by the \$100,000,000 common capital stock outstanding, on which regular dividends have been paid for thirty-five years, the present rate being 7 per cent. per annum."

It has been the same way with the Interborough Rapid Transit Company.

When that corporation asks for increased fares it forecasts only bankruptcy and ruin ahead under the five-cent rate.

Yet not two years ago, when President Shonts was offering a \$33,000,000 issue of three-year convertible 7 per cent. gold Interborough notes, he predicted an Interborough total net income "increasing to \$17,480,000 in 1922, as compared with \$11,520,000 required for estimated interest and sinking fund charges payable out of income in 1919," and added:

"This estimate of earnings is based on a 5-cent fare."

"Whether it be a question of a five-cent fare or of 80-cent gas, the case for the public ought to include a full presentation of corporation finances as they look when corporations are out to sell bonds.

The lean years and the "poor mouth" should not be the only exhibits in court when a public service corporation seeks to raise rates.

One month more in jail will balance the three-year sentence imposed upon Caillaux, former Premier of France, convicted of "commerce and correspondence with the enemy."

A heavier penalty is his forfeiture of the right to vote or hold public office.

Caillaux escapes the more serious charge of treason.

Frenchmen will draw a breath of relief that the Caillaux case no longer holds over France its dark menace of "revelations."

ORPHAN'S DAY AT THE CIRCUS.

TODAY and to-morrow are days of anticipation.

Monday is the time of realization.

Monday is "Orphan's Day" at the circus.

More fortunate orphans who have seen the circus have been singing its praises for the last two weeks, ever since it has been known that bumper business would not be permitted to interfere with the annual treat. The youngsters who never have attended the big Madison Square Garden entertainment have counted the days until there is only "to-morrow and then the next day."

Orphan's Day is one of the finest traditions of the circus. The managers of the big show deserve all the credit they get. So, too, do the performers. Clowns are never funnier than they are for the audience that doesn't pay to see the show.

Orphan's Day helps explain the universal and increasing popularity of the circus as an American institution. If the men behind the circus business did not have the fundamental kind-heartedness and humanity to feel for the little ones to whom so much is denied, they would not be successful circus men. Real humanity can't come out unless it is there.

INSURGENT RIGHTS.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S refusal to intercede with the Railroad Labor Board on behalf of the "outlaw" strikers is justified.

The rejection was based on the fact that the men were not at work and, having failed to appeal first to arbitration, had no claim on the Labor Board.

The President's decision reinforces the position of the Labor Board. But there is danger that these decisions may be misinterpreted.

It cannot be made too plain that the "outlaws" are denied a hearing because they quit work and not because they are insurgents.

The Railroad Labor Board (and other similar organizations which may be set up in other industries) cannot hope to meet the needs of the community if they are to be used permanently to establish the brotherhoods or other existing unions as the sole possible medium of collective bargaining.

There is always the possibility that existing organizations and officers may cease to be fairly representative of the membership. "Boss rule" and manipulated elections in unions are not unheard of. A means of appeal must be left open.

If the "outlaws," instead of striking, had organized an insurgent union with a demonstrable membership and had lived up to the contracts under which they were working, then the officers and representatives of the insurgent union would have had a proper claim to a hearing before the Labor Board in the negotiation of a new scale, no matter how radical.

If we are to hope for industrial peace, the right to minority representation and a hearing must not be denied, whether the minority be more radical or more conservative than the organization as a whole.

A case in point:

Wednesday The Evening World published a letter from a member of the Cutters' Union protesting the unwise demands of the leaders of the existing organization. It is conceivable that other men of similar conservative opinion might care to join him in an insurgent union opposed to the present regime of extremists.

The minority must have a right to be heard, but—granted that right before such a tribunal as the Railroad Labor Board, on which the public is represented—both the regular and the insurgent unionists must expect to abide by the decision rendered.

The Railroad Labor Board is frankly an experiment looking toward industrial peace and justice. Such an organization, while it recognizes collective bargaining, does, in a measure, alter the relationship between the bargain.

Once the bargain is arrived at—after a hearing of all parties interested, including the public and minorities of employers and employees—the resulting contract partakes more of the nature of an award by a court, binding all parties to fulfill the contract.

The "outlaw" railroad men ceased to be a party at interest when they violated the existing contract. But this does not imply that in the future railroad workers who are similarly dissatisfied with working conditions may not form an insurgent organization and—remaining at work—have a voice in the negotiation of the next contract or the settlement of the next dispute.

The theory underlying the creation of the Railroad Board, which the brotherhoods have accepted, and which the "outlaws" are now anxious to accept, is that in public utility service the right to strike is a last resort, not a first resort, as the "outlaws" recently made it.

THEATRE TICKETS CAN WAIT.

THE EVENING WORLD refuses to become excited at the present time over rumors that the price of theatre tickets may be advanced to \$5.

Demand for the lighter kinds of theatrical amusement in New York is just now unprecedented. Backed by high spending power, this demand is more than ever made up of the pleasure-seeking element in the city's huge and constantly replenished quota of visitors.

If theatre managers are dazzled by present prosperity into the belief that they can double the price of tickets next season, let them try it out.

If demand for a certain sort of theatrical entertainment continues so much greater than the supply, the managers may find it possible to fill their theatres at even \$10 a seat.

If not, be sure the time will come when they will be only too glad to welcome New York theatre-goers back to New York theatres at present prices or less.

The truth is, the kind of theatre-going to which the reported price raising applies is nine-tenths luxury.

Just now the high cost of the necessities of life is too profoundly serious a matter to leave time for worry about the rising cost of luxuries.

The public has only recently got down to grips with real problems like boosted rents and the soaring price of clothing.

The Evening World means to stick to these problems and let theatre tickets wait.

"Any NEW Clothes?"



FROM EVENING WORLD READERS

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred?

There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

From an Ex-Regular.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Your editorial "Regulars Don't Vote," hits the nail on the head. If a bonus bill is passed the regulars should benefit by it also. Many of the pre-war regulars are on reserve at present and they all vote.

The following are a few questions the committee should be asked:

Who followed Gen. Pershing into Mexico?

Who trained the selected men?

What were the first eight divisions made up of?

Who did the dirty work on the border?

Who was the backbone of the army during the war?

If regulars are excluded from any bonus bills there will be much discontent. The army cannot afford to lose the few regulars who are in service at present. If you want to any military right now you could easily check out the real regulars by their actions, dress and military bearing.

SERGEANT MAJOR REGULAR ARMY RESERVE.

New York, April 20, 1920.

The Fight for Economy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A quite agree with Mr. Frank McGuire's idea of wearing overalls. It certainly would make any one look like a piker if he alone wore this outfit, but to ask for the State's co-operation would be expecting too much.

My suggestion would be to have The Evening World take this noble stand and form some organization for the wearing of overalls and old clothing.

This idea to be made universal in New York City only and with the offering of a uniform button would secure members overwhelmingly.

Another good idea I noticed in your wonderful paper was the article referring to lunches; if taken by a strong organization it would certainly show surprising results.

The only satisfactory answer would be for The Evening World to grip this matter and fight these problems as heretofore.

Wake up, New Yorkers! A BEE SEEK.

Brooklyn, April 22, 1920.

Vanity! All Is Vanity.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Mr. A. J. G. and those who agree with him are mistaken as to the reason why women cross their legs in the subway. The real reason is vanity.

It appears that no woman with a new pair of silk stockings and high-heeled shoes can resist the impulse to exhibit them to the best advantage.

And it is not done for man's benefit either. A woman takes greater pleasure in exciting the envy of her own sex in the matter of dress than in striving for the admiration of men, for most men are indifferent as regards women's dress and care only for a pretty face or figure, regardless

of the style or quality of the garment.

If A. J. G. will observe the passengers closely he will notice that the eyes of all the women are riveted on the lady with the crossed legs, who pretends to be unaware of the attention, but really is inwardly gloating over the "hit" she is making.

You never see a woman with shabby shoes or stockings cross her legs in the subway. Modesty is relative and the shameless exhibitions in the subway, at the beaches and in the ballrooms prove that as between the sexes women have the least regard for modesty. The modest, unprinted woman is a rarity nowadays, which undoubtedly accounts for the disinclination of self-respecting young men to marry with the present craze for cubanitas, sandoline and Cuban heels prevails.

BRONXITE.

New York, April 20, 1920.

Encourage Potash Industry.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have noted with great interest the communication addressed you by Mr. S. Gould and published in your columns on the subject of Germany's monopoly of potash.

During the war the United States Food Administrator, in urging greater food production, informed us that Germany in an area smaller than the State of Texas raised five times as many potatoes as the entire United States. That accomplishment, it develops, was possible only through intensive German methods of farming, and the secret of that intensive farming is in potash.

If it is true that our food production is in reality perilously short, Mr. Gould is right in calling attention to the danger of overlooking the development of American sources of this great essential to agriculture, and every effort should be made to encourage the potash industry in this country.

Potash is the secret of more and cheaper food the United States Government should take a hand in its development and protection. Most certainly we ought not to be left dependent on Germany or any other foreign country if we have natural potash resources with which to defend ourselves.

R. HALL.

25 Greenwich Avenue, April 20, 1920.

"Practical" Charity.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Some days ago a man I know wrote to a prominent and wealthy philanthropist of this city, stating that he was in very straitened circumstances at present owing to the concern for which he had been manager for some years going into the hands of a receiver. He asked this philanthropist to loan him \$200 on his note at 60 days, saying that he could give him the highest possible references as to his character and business reputation. He further assured this philanthropist that he would meet the note when due.

The reply he received requested him to apply to a certain free loan

association (charitable) which would undoubtedly be glad to make him the loan.

This was done and he was requested by this so-called charitable loan association to procure two indorsements for his note, each worth from \$20,000 to \$25,000, and they would then make the loan.

I write to ask you why this association should be called "charitable"?

Any bank would be glad to make a loan for this or a much larger amount on \$40,000 to \$70,000 security, and yet they do not include the word "charitable" in their title.

Hear in mind that this man who applied for a loan of \$200 was not a second story man or a hobo, but an upright business man temporarily in need of this small amount. Charity, charity, what sins are committed in their name!

L. PERCY JONES.

32 East 32d Street, April 21, 1920.

Jim Crow Cars.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read with disgust an article on the second page, second column, of The Evening World of April 19 entitled "Jim Crow Cars Upheld."

I think that this piece of legislation is the worst that I have ever heard of—the most unpatriotic and the most disgraceful to go down upon the records of a country, a world power, so respected and so lauded as ours.

What a precedent it establishes! For seven months and a half in the

front line trenches in France I fought a most stern fight, for the most part along the most unfavorable conditions. I was a volunteer. I fought for DEMOCRACY. When I returned and started for a visit to Virginia, I found on changing in the District of Columbia for a Southern train on the Richmond, Fredericks and Potomac Railroad, even though the railroads were under Government administration and I had on the uniform of my Government—the best suit that I have ever worn—that I was not free to take the first vacant seat that I might come to but was ushered back to some particular passenger car, smaller than the rest and not near so clean, marked COLORED. This was a terrible blow. It stunned me. Oh, why did they do it to me when my heart was filled to overflowing with the satisfaction that I had done well my little part of a great and noble job? Oh, how did they feel that the mere color difference of my skin was sufficient to counteract the respect due the uniform of the United States Army? The date of this was Feb. 28, 1919.

Sometimes now I think of that dark day. It chills me. I wonder what kind of spirit we are promoting in the colored American—13,000,000 of them. I am told—when we encourage such practices as I have described.

AN EX-SOLDIER.

New York, April 20, 1920.

By J. H. Cassel

TURNING THE PAGES

BY
Otis Peabody Swift

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(The New York Evening World.)

Daniel in the Lion's Den—
Darius the Mede was a king and a wonder.

His eye was proud, and his voice was thunder.

He kept his lions in a monstrous den,
He fed the lions up on Christian men.

Thus roared the lions:—
"We want Daniel, Daniel, Daniel,
We want Daniel, Daniel, Daniel,
Oooooooooooooooooooooo"
Oooooooooooooooooooooo

From "The Daniel Jazz."

To our mind "The New Poetry" and Vachel Lindsay are identical. Beyond Vachel Lindsay there is no "new" poetry. The belief is strengthened by reading "Others for 1919" an anthology of "The New Verse," edited by Alfred Kreymborg. The above selection is taken from Lindsay's vivaciously jazzed account of Daniel in the Lion's den.

"Students," an analysis of a school class by Daniel Long is the other good thing in the nicely bound blue and gold volume.

Cave of the Pick and Shovel—

"It is not that wages are always right—generally they are not right. But the economic fact is inescapable that if a wage is raised without a corresponding increase in efficiency of production so that the wage can be absorbed and not passed on to the public, only a temporary raise has been granted, for invariably the increased cost will find its reflection in a higher cost of living."

From "Common Sense and Labor," by Samuel Crowther.

The American laborer of to-day ought to have two framed copies of these lines—one to hang over the grand piano in his drawing room and another for his luncheon.

An Ibsen Story—

Painted in the strong and often lurid colors that Ibsen's hands handle best, the English edition of "La Maja Desnuda," under the title of "Woman Triumphant," has just come into a second edition. Those who proclaimed "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" the greatest book of the war will welcome this story.

The Transatlantic Seaplanes—

In daylight the handling of a big seaplane in rough air is reasonably easy, but this night, with the air very rough, it was trying work. About 00:03 G. M. T. (Greenwich mean time) the moon was dead ahead, blood-red behind banks of clouds. This was a menace, for it made our compasses and inclinometers almost impossible to read. While passing No. 3 Destroyer we sighted two steamers brilliantly lighted. At one time near No. 5 Destroyer, because our running lights were not lit, we were nearly run down by the N. C. 1. We warned her off with a search light. Her own lights showed up brilliantly.

"Conditions got better as the moon rose. About 4:00 A. M. T. we were cruising about 400 feet above the clouds. Looking down, I frequently noted our shadow chasing madly over the hills and hollows below, and saw that the shadow was surrounded by a rainbow, forming a complete ring just touching the tips of the shadow of the wings. The moonlight rainbow was weak, I had heard of this phenomenon in daylight but had not expected to find it by moonlight.

"During the night we had picked up the seaplanes of the destroyer, and the brilliant star of the great white star shells above the clouds. Now we could see the sky on our port beam becoming steadily brighter, and about 5:00 G. M. T. it was daylight."

The lines are from the log of the N.C. 3, written by Commander H. C. Richardson in "The Triumph of the NC's," in which with Lieutenant Commander Read and Commander Westcott he tells of the story of the transatlantic flight. The twilight of that day would find Lord at the Azores, the battle almost won and Richardson lost in the tossing sweep of a broken sea, while the world waited the news of the missing NC's. It is a thrilling story of great achievement, and is a valuable contribution to our rapidly growing literature of aviation.

A History of the War—

"A Short History of the Great War, Dealing Particularly With Its Military and Diplomatic Aspects," by Paul Puri, is the title of an authoritative and well-balanced story of the war by William L. Ladd, Jr. The book is a Putnam publication.

A Garden Is a Lovable Thing—

There are few, indeed, who do not own a garden. It may be only a flower on a city window ledge, it may be the park garden where tulip buds are pushing up through the warm moist loam, and the willows tips are turning yellow and the maples red along the winding trails, or it may be a garden of to-morrow, the dream garden we shall some day own. That is the most wonderful garden of them all, a shut garden with a high brick wall that lets the world go by beyond its seclusion, a garden of fir shaded red the walks of arbors where grapes and roses climb together, of green lawns where white violets and star flowers come up through the grasses and one can see the footprints of the windward in rippling patterns.

The garden is a lovely thing, with straight red cardinal flowers and the yellow lady slipper, and closed gentians climbing up to the bronzed dials and there will be a bird bath set low among rocks ferns and maiden hair. It will be a most wonderful place—that garden of to-morrow.

"A garden is a lovely thing"—and many gardeners since Sir Thomas Browne have found it so. Among them is Gardner Teal, editor of Art and Life, who has just published "Little Garden the Year Round," the practical account of a year in his own garden, "in which," to quote the sub-title, "much joy was found, experience gained, and profit spiritual as well as mundane derived without loss of prestige in a practical neighborhood."

The book will delight every lover of gardens.